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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Paris in 1815. *Part the Second.* By the Rev. George Croly. London, 1821. 8vo.

To poetical readers we have no need to recall the memory of the *First part* of this fine poem, published about four years ago. Long as the space has been, which the author has allowed to intervene between the conception and the completion of his design, the public feeling was so intensely roused by its promise, that there could be no danger of sinking into languor or oblivion before its maturity. Our judgement on Mr. Croly's powers, and our opinion of his extraordinary genius, have been so frequently recorded, that we shall now commit them to posterity to confirm or to negative; and simply re-state, that no writer of the present age impresses us with a stronger conviction of his legitimate title to the highest dignities of "immortal verse." There is a grandeur in his ideas, which seems to despair of language to make itself fully known; and the tone of his poesy swells so high, that it almost bursts the chords necessary for its expression. Words occasionally faint under the inspiration, as the Delphic Oracles were sometimes little more than inarticulate sounds; and then follows the deep, sonorous, fervid, and overwhelming breathings of the divinity. It arises, probably, from this cause, from the splendour and blaze of diction to embody "thoughts that burn," from the close and grasping condensation of the vivid imagery of a gifted and energetic mind, that some passages in Mr. Croly's productions have at the first glance a degree of obscurity which requires a second glance to pierce: for light as well as darkness blinds us, and the organs must become accustomed to the dazzling excess, before they can enjoy objects seen in the lustre of its intensity.

In the composition before us, the author continues that rapid and striking view of the principal features of Paris as it appeared in 1815, which commenced, in his former work, with the entrance into the city by the gate of Louis XIV. by day-break. It opens with the Carousel, and throws a retrospect over events suggested by that *Place*: an apostrophe to the stars induces a noble strain of moralizing; and the removal of the celebrated horses of Lysippus from their triumphal arch, naturally and directly leads to a masterly description of their migrations from Greece to Rome, Constantinople, Venice, and Paris. The argument founded on these transitions is, that *Justice*, and not *Time*, has doomed the fall of empires, and the dispersion of their glories in art; and the whole finishes with a brilliant patriotic figure.

'Tis not in mockery of man that Earth
Is strewed with splendid fragments, temple, tower;
That realms, where glory sprang full arm'd to birth,
Are desolate, the snake and tiger's bower;—
They lie the monuments of misused power,
Not freaks of fate, but warnings against crime;
And ancient Babylon might, at this hour,
Had she been guiltless, stand as in her prime,
Nay—stand in growing pomp till God had finish'd time.

England! my great, my glorious,—loved with love
That almost makes a portion of the soul;
The hour has come to fix thine eye above.
There lie the thunders thou alone must roll,
And roll upon thyself;—There spreads the scroll,
Where thine own hand must write thy destiny.
None can decide but thou, if wolves shall howl,
And the black viper in thy temples lie.
Be holy, and thou 'rt saved; England, thou must not die!

The reprisal of the plunder in the Louvre is next described, as "won by England's arm in Soignies' wood." The first *coup d'œil* over the picture gallery is admirable—

——— like lightning on the eye,
Bursts the deep vision, from the stately door,
One colour'd splendour, far as glance can fly,
Gold, marble, giant mirror, o'er and o'er,
Flashing in sun-like streams from fretted vault to floor.

The eye is tranced, and from the portal-arch
Looks down the unmeasured length with dim delight,
Piercing the radiant lines, the mighty march
Of armies of the mind;—on left and right,
Banners as rich, as on the mountain's height
Rises the morn;—There Rubens' blaze of gold,
In eastern pomp above his legions bright;
Delicious Titian, there thy rainbowed fold,
There Raphael's, wove of rays from saint and prophet roll'd.

The bard with a kindred spirit then questions the great age of Painting.

Corregio, Titian, Raphael, Angelo,
What made your age a wonder and despair
To all the future?—a resistless flow
Of the soul's frozen depths,—a hallowed glare
Of lightning that dissolved the prison bar;—
A sudden trumpet piercing the profound
Of the world's night;—a call of star to star,
In bright Conjunction for the moment bound,
Never to meet again in all time's weary round?

From the general address, we glide into particulars; and the chief characteristics of the masters are defined with wonderful precision and beauty.

What are those tablets round me? Living minds,
The mighty soul in form and pressure wrought;—
Unfolded natures,—where the vision winds
Thro' what was dream, deep throb, unutter'd thought;
There breathes Salvator! That red lightning shot
From its dark throne to fire that forest hoar
That combat in its burnings madly fought,
That lake convulsed before the tempest's roar.
All in Salvator's soul toss'd, battled, burned before.

* * * * *

Here, Raphael! is reveal'd the mystery,
That fixed the hectic crimson on thy cheek—
Here sank the earnest radiance of thine eye,
Dying beneath the passionate thoughts that wreck
Spirits like thine;—Those eagle flights that seek
And perish in the sun-beams;—glorious fires,
That from their heaven around the mountain break
With crowning splendour, till the storm retires,
Leaving but smoke and dust of all its marble spires.

* * * * *

Resplendent Titian! what a host of thoughts,
What memories of stars and midnight moons,
And long hours pass'd beneath the emerald vaults
Of forests! and the sweet eve's thousand tunes,
When the breeze rushes through the vine-festoons,
Show'ring their dew-drops; are concentred here!
And forms of prince and knight in proud saloons,
And dames with dark Italian eyes that ne'er
Knew sorrow, or but wept the heart's bewitching fear.

Prometheus of the pencil! life and light
Burst on the canvass from thy mighty hand.
All hues sublime that ever dazzled sight
Where tempests die on Heaven, or ever waned
On hills, the evening's azure thrones, or stain'd
Ruby or beryl in their Indian cell,
Or glanced from gem-dropt wing, or blossom vein'd,
Or tinged in ocean-caves the radiant shell,
All, at thy sceptre's wave, from all their fountains swell.

In these, the description by words vies with the magic delusions of the delicious art; and whether spread out to the eye, or given in vigorous touches, we trace a kindred resemblance between the pen and the pencil. The same sentiment extends into the mu-

seum of sculpture, where the Apollo, Laocoon, Venus, &c. live in the song as from the chisel. Of all these "conquerors of time," we select, and that but partially, one example—the last lines on the goddess of Love, whom the poet has painted in her purest attributes.

——— Music's soul breathed by;—
White meteors shot along the distant flood;
And now sail'd on, like an advancing cloud,
Chariots of pearl, and proud sea-horses curb'd,
That with their breasts the green to silver plough'd;
And nymphs and tritons lifting trumpets orb'd,
Young Venus! round thy throne, in its own light absorb'd.

The shore is reach'd, and fear, bewitching fear,
Is in her bending form, and glancing eye,
And yeilding hand, and timid-turning ear;
She listens,—'twas but Eve's enamour'd sigh!
Yet has it heaved her bosom's ivory.—
Yet has it on the shore her footstep spell'd;
'Tis past.—The rustling rose alone is nigh,—
She smiles, and in that smile is all reveal'd
The charm, to which so soon the living world shall yield.

Venus! thou'rt lovely; but on other feet
Was press'd of old the kiss of guilty fire.
Thy look is grace, too deeply, purely sweet
To tell of passion that could change or tire.
From those rich lips no fatal dreams respire;
There lives no evil splendour in that eye,
To dart the flame on failing Virtue's pyre.
Dark thoughts before thy sacred beauty die.
Queen of the soul's bright tides! thy spell is modesty!

But Mr. Croly's descriptive powers are not limited to works of art: he walks the garden of the Tuileries; and contemning its formality, thus glowingly portrays the graces of Nature's evening—

Night's wing is on the east—the clouds repose
Like weary armies of the firmament,
Encamp'd beneath their vanes of pearl and rose;
Till the wind's sudden trumpet through them sent,
Shakes their pavilions, and their pomps are blent
In rich confusion. Now the air is fill'd
With thousand odours, sighed by blossoms bent
In closing beauty, where the dew distill'd
From Evening's airy urns, their purple lips has chill'd.

And further on, the latest close of day—
Twilight has come in saffron mists embower'd,
For the broad sun on the Atlantic surge,
Now sparkling in the fiery flashes shower'd
From his swift wheels; the forest vapours urge
Their solemn wings above—white stars emerge
From the dark east, like spires of mountain snows
Touch'd by the light upon th'horizon's verge;
Just rising from her sleep, the young moon shows,
Supine upon the clouds, her cheek suffused with rose.

This is the loveliest hour of all that day
Calls upwards thro' its kingdom of the air.—
The sights and sounds of earth have died away
Above, the clouds are roll'd against the glare
Of the red west—high volumed waves that war
Against a diamond promontory's side,
Crested with one sweet, solitary star,
That like a watch fire trembles o'er the tide,
Brightening with every shade that on its surge doth ride.

Nothing can excel these lovely pictures, which fill the poet with recollections of England and home. His breast warms with its wonted patriotism, and he draws a forcible contrast between the native land he loves, and the foreign land on which he wanders. He has painted the English husbandman returning from his harvest toils, and proceeds:

He comes; the moon has lit him home at last,
And he has thrown his harvest hook away,
And kiss'd the nut brown babes that round him haste,
Each with the little wonder of its day.
The lowly meal is spread, the moon beams play
Thro' panes that bushy rose and wall flower veil,
And soon to make them music, on her spray,
Her wonted, neighbour spray, the nightingale
Pours on the holy hour her thrilling, endless tale.

Land of the Graces, where even beggars meet,
With bow and compliment, and hat in hand,
The gay grimacers of the dungeon street,
Till cringe and smile dissolve the conference bland;
Where bending age loves doubly bent to stand
With fond, faint simper, on its shoulders strew'd
Its locks in sentimental waving plann'd;
France, in thy bosom all the heart's subdued,
Thy world a stage, thy life a toilsome attitude.

From this, certainly not partial recognition of France, and from the Tuileries, we are conducted to the spot where Louis XVI perished. Upon this martyrdom, Mr. C. has expended a luxury of pathos, and all his appalling strength.

Paris! there was no sleep beneath thy roofs
The morn that saw this deed. The dim streets rung,
Long before day, with cannon, trampling hoofs,
And fearfullest of all, the Tocsin's tongue.
Startling the eye, the passing torches flung
Their flash thro' many a chamber from beneath,
Then vanish'd with the thick and hurrying throng;
While the heart-sinking listener held his breath,
Catching in every sound the distant roar of death.

But earlier than that dim and early hour
A lonely taper twinkled thro' the gloom,
'Twas from the casement of the Temple tower.
'Twas from a king's, a martyr's, dungeon room!
There he subdued his spirit for its doom;
And one old priest, and one pale follower,
Knelt weeping, as beside their master's tomb,
Rude was the altar, but the heart was there,
And peace and glorious hope were in that prison prayer.

But trumpets peal'd, and torches glared below,
And from the Tower rose woman's loud lament
And infant cries; and shadows seemed to go
With tossing arms, and heads in anguish bent,
Backwards and forwards hurrying, then, as spent,
Sink down, and all be silent for a time;
Until the royal victims' souls were rent
With some new yell of cruelty and crime,
Or thunder'd thro' the dusk the Tocsin's deadly chime.

And 'twas as wild and still within the square,
This square of Luxury! The morn arose;
An iron harvest bristled through the air,
Bayonet and pike in countless, close-rock'd rows.
Silent as Death the crowd,—the grim repose
Before the earthquake;—None from roof or wall
Might look; no hand the casement might unclose.
And in their centre, frowning o'er them all,
Their Idol—The sole God before whose name they fall.

The Guillotine!—when Hell prepared the feast,
Where guilty France was drunk, but not with wine,
Till madness sat upon her vision'd breast.
This was the press that crush'd her bloody vine.
To this grim altar came the shuddering line,
Whose worship was,—beneath its knife to lie;
The haggard traitors to the throne and shrine,
By traitors crushed, that in their turn must die;
Till massacre engulphed the wreck of Liberty.

The Guillotine.—It stood in that pale day
Like a huge spectre, just from earth upsprung,
To summon to the tomb the fierce array
That round its feet in desperate homage clung.
But on the wind a sudden trumpet rung.
All eyes were turn'd, and far as eye could stray,
Was caught a light, from moving helmets flung,
A banner tossing in the tempest's away,
A wain, that thro' the throng slow toil'd its weary way.

'Tis done, the monarch on the scaffold stands;
The headsmen grasp him!—Of the myriads there,
That hear his voice, that see his fetter'd hands,
Not one has given a blessing or a tear;
But that old priest who answers him in prayer.
He speaks; his dying thoughts to France are given,
His voice is drown'd; for murder has no ear.
The saint unmurmuring to the axe is driven.
If ever spirit rose, that heart is calm in Heaven.

* * * *

France was anathema.—Her cup before
Was full, but this o'ertopp'd its burning brim.
And plagues like serpent-teeth her entrails tore;
Crime slipped to ravage thro' a land of crime!
In the sack'd sepulchre caroused the mime;
On God's high altar sat Idolatry;
Before the harlot knelt the nation's prime,
And sons dragg'd fathers, fathers sons to die;
'Till Judgment girt the bow on its eternal thigh.

Were we to do justice to our review, we should add to these quotations the exemplary portrait of the "felon king," Buonaparte; but, however truly national our author may be in his antipathies, we must leave this part of his work, and also the highly wrought scene of eternal vengeance on the scourges of mankind in Russia, to be scanned in his own pages. We shall only except one stanza, of the tyrant's finale; and one containing an excellent comparison on Waterloo.

The despot 'scap'd; for his was yet to shew
What mimes may play ambition's haughtiest part,
To show the recreant branded on his brow,
Whose noblest art was but the slaughterer's art;
Lest future villains from the mire should start,
And rave, and slay, and dare to call it fame.

Behold him *now*, the man without a heart,
Him of the battles—him the soul of flame,—
Scorn'd, banish'd, chain'd for life; and glad to
live in shame.
* * * *
Earth shook with that wild empire's over-
throw;
And the foundations, that as fate seem'd deep,
Are dust—and England gave the final blow.
France rush'd like lava from the mountain's
steep,
But England met it with the ocean's sweep,
And o'er it roll'd in towering majesty,
Leaving its burning mass, a gloomy heap.
Transcendent Waterloo!—thy name shall die;
But die on the same pile with glory, memory!"

A superb account of the funeral of George III., and the inculcation of a potent religious lesson, closes the poem; which, if it does not recommend itself, nothing which we could add can recommend. We therefore consign it to the public taste, with such errors as it displays unnoticed; for we consider that its transcendant merits make tenfold atonement for the instances of abruptness, and one or two of unauthorized rhyme, and an equal number of recurrences in a favourite phrase, which it is possible to point out. But no man finds fault with the sun for its specks.

Memoirs from 1754 *to* 1758, *by James Earl Waldegrave, K. G. &c. Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.* London. 1821. 4to. pp. 174.

A rivulet of text, flowing through a beautiful broad margin; very thick paper, and a frontispiece of the author's head, apparently of the same kind, are the obvious features of this publication. But however we may think *labor superabat opus*, we must pay the printer and publisher the tribute to say, that they have done their parts in getting out the work in the handsomest manner, for it is really a beautiful specimen of typography. And when noblemen who have manuscripts to sell, either on their own account or on account of their friends, manage the business in the style of Jew brokers, the unavoidable result is, that they must be left in oblivion, or that booksellers, paying an enormous price for them, must re-levy the same upon the public in the shape of expensive volumes. This very book, with hardly matter for a good pamphlet (we could cram some four of its pages into one of our columns), ought not to have exceeded a moderate octavo; but having been, as we have heard, hawked about among *the trade*, till it was bid up to thrice as much as it was worth, there was no option but to superadd Davison's skill and Murray's splendour, and charge the whole upon the rich class of buyers, and the unfortunate class of readers.

We mean by this no reflection upon the publisher; on the contrary, he has shown great liberality in procuring what he considered an interesting document; and we are only sorry, that through what we deem absolutely shameful chaffering, he was compelled to do so at such prodigious cost as to render it impracticable to gratify the public further, by giving the treat at a moderate rate.

In so far as the relation goes, there is a good deal of curious matter, biographical, historical, and political, in these memoirs; and though much of it has been anticipated by Bubb Doddington and Horace Walpole (the latter of whom had seen and made copious use of this manuscript), there is still a considerable balance of information, on which the opportunities of the writer stamp an increased value. The period to which that information refers, is also one of so much party and constitutional consequence, that even the mightier events of our own times fail to obliterate its memory or efface its importance; and we peruse, with little diminished interest at the distance of three-fourths of a century, the record which James, the 2nd Earl of Waldegrave, and the personal friend of George II. has preserved of the characters, intrigues, and squabbles of the courtiers, whose grand-children, if they figure at all, now figure on the courtly and political stage.

There is an address *To the Reader* prefixed to the work, which shows that the custodes of the papers were more competent to sell them well, than to write a good preface to them. It tells us* that the Earl married in 1759, "the natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole (afterwards Duchess of Gloucester), a lady of exquisite beauty, who, *notwithstanding the disparity of age, had the sense to value the society, and the feeling to return the affections of her husband.*" As this declaration comes from noble vouchers, it affords a truly strange sort of thesis for inferior folks to wonder at. His lordship was born in 1714-5, and must consequently have been at the extraordinary age of *forty-four*, when he wedded this exemplary matron, who is held up as a pattern to all Countesses, because she had sense to value the society of so old a man, and feeling enough (oh, prodigious!) to return the affections of so antiquated a husband! Earnestly do we exhort all our quality readers of the fair sex to suffer this lesson to have its due weight with them: who knows, in that case, but that some of them may in turn be exhibited, seventy years hence, to an admiring posterity, as loyal ladies and dutiful wives. But a word to the lovely is as sufficient as a word to the wise; and we resume the lucubrations from which this surprising fact diverted us.

The private biography of Lord Waldegrave is of little moment: he was a Lord of the Bedchamber in 1743, a Teller of the Exchequer in 1757, and a Knight of the Garter, when he died of small-pox, at the age of 48, in 1763; and the only situation of real consequence which he ever filled was that of Governor to our late venerated Sovereign. This post he occupied for four years, and was dismissed when the Prince's first independant establishment was formed, having never, as it is stated, had any influence at Leicester House, or over the mind of his royal pupil.

"The circumstances attending his resignation, and his efforts to assist the king in negociating various new administrations, at the commencement of the seven years' war, form the chief subjects of his narrative;" and as it is admitted by his biographers, that he was adverse to the purest maxims of our parliamentary government, it may even yet be a point of gratulation, that he never possessed more weight with our late patriotic monarch, nor ever had any higher duties to perform and write about.

The memoirs profess to give a short account of our political contentions, party quarrels, and of all events of any consequence from the beginning of the year 1754, to the middle of June 1757. In fulfilling this task they set out with brief sketches of the characters of George II, of the Princess of Wales, of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III, of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Lord Hardwick, Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Cumberland, Sir George Lyttleton, Lord Mansfield, Sir Thomas Robinson, the Earl of Bute (whom the author mortally disliked, and whom he plainly insinuates to have been the paramour of the princess), Lord Anson, Lord Holderness, the Duke of Devonshire, and other prominent persons of that day. In some of these there is a good deal of spirit; others are but slight, and occasionally absurd; as for instance, when the Duke of Newcastle is painted as a *lusus naturæ*. "In the midst of prosperity and apparent happiness, the slightest disappointment, or any imaginary evil, will, in a moment, make him miserable: his mind can never be composed; his spirits are always agitated. Yet this constant ferment, which would wear out and destroy any other man, is perfectly agreeable to his constitution: he is at the very perfection of health, when his fever is at the greatest height."

We shall, at least for the present, pass over such of these characters as belong most strictly to a former age, or are familiarly known in whatever was worth transmitting concerning them, beyond their own era; and select as specimens of the work, such passages as seem to us deserving of notice, for their novelty or curiosity. In both these respects, we can perhaps hardly begin better, than by affording our readers an idea of a Cabinet Council. In 1756, the Prince and Princess of Wales applied to the Duke of Newcastle, to appoint Lord Bute Groom of the Stole.

"The duke of Newcastle (says Lord W.) either doubted their sincerity, or was not sufficiently frightened to gave a satisfactory answer: besides, he knew that his endeavours to please Leicester House would not be agreeable at St. James's, and did not chuse to incur the displeasure of the king, who, though in his seventy-third year, was strong and in perfect health. Accordingly, he strictly confined himself to general professions of respect, and of his inclination to obey their commands; but avoided an interview, and made no particular promises. However, his majesty was immediately acquainted with their royal highness's request, and as a new establishment, in some shape or other, was to be formed as soon as possible, he ordered a meeting of his principal servants, amongst whom, as the Prince of

* Besides talking of the *two first* years of the late reign!

Wales's governor, I had the honor of being admitted.

"It was unusual for the king himself to be present at such consultations; but he had already declared his opinion, by speaking of the princess's favorite, and of her partiality towards him, with the greatest contempt.

"The chancellor, with his usual gravity, declared, that for his own part, he had no particular objection to the Earl of Bute's promotion; neither would he give credit to some very extraordinary reports; but that many sober and respectable persons would think it indecent, for which reason he could never advise his majesty to give his consent. Lord Granville did not treat the affair quite so seriously; told three or four very good stories, which were nothing to the purpose, and concluded that the king was the only proper judge in the affairs of his own family. The Duke of Newcastle gave his opinion that the king would never suffer Bute to be groom of the stole; but that something might be done for him in some other shape: that undoubtedly their royal highnesses must soon be convinced of the great impropriety of what they now desired; that it was a very nice affair, required the most mature consideration, and therefore he was against any immediate or final determination.

"When it was my turn to speak, I told them I was fully convinced that Leicester House would never be contented, unless their request was granted in its full extent. I was also persuaded that this request, however unreasonable, would be complied with, rather than cause an open rupture by an obstinate refusal. That it was better to do the thing soon, and with a good grace, than hereafter, when it would be thought an act of necessity, and no favor whatsoever. But that I had nothing to say as to the propriety or decency of the measure, whereof I did not think myself a competent judge.

"During the whole summer, there were several consultations on the same subject: frequent letters and messages past between Kew and Kensington, but instead of any agreement, the breach was daily growing wider; when at last, about the beginning of October, the ministers not daring to meet the parliament whilst Leicester House was dissatisfied, obtained the king's consent that the Prince of Wales should not remove to Kensington, but should still continue with his mother; and that Bute should be groom of the stole, at the head of the new establishment.

"By this means was I delivered from the most painful servitude. Even in the best times, I had found little satisfaction in my most honorable employment: and my spirits and patience were at last so totally exhausted, that I could have quitted his royal highness, and have given up all future hopes of court preferment, without the least regret or uneasiness."

The latter are not the only reflections of the same tone in which his lordship indulges; indeed his experience draws a melancholy picture of the wretchedness of a life spent at court.

"I have now (says he at the end) finished my relation of all the material transactions wherein I was immediately concerned; and though I can never forget my obligations to the kindest of masters, I have been too long behind the scenes, I have had too near a view of the machinery of a court, to envy any man either the power of a minister or the favor of princes.

"The constant anxiety, and frequent mortifications, which accompany ministerial employments, are tolerably well understood; but the world is totally unacquainted with the situation of those whom fortune has selected to be the constant attendants and companions of royalty, who partake of its domestic amusements, and social happiness.

"But I must not lift up the veil; and shall only add, that no man can have a clear conception how great personages pass their leisure hours, who has not been a prince's governor, or a king's favorite."

The mention of our late king, when a young man, namely, at the time Lord W. resigned his governorship, cannot fail to be read with interest. His lordship had got the consent of his employer, George II., to retire; and he adds—

"I had not acquainted either the Prince or Princess of Wales with this transaction; who strongly suspected, that notwithstanding the ill usage I had received, I might still have some inclination to continue in his Royal Highness's service: and having often perceived that I would not understand the most intelligible hints, they now resolved to explain themselves in the clearest and most precise manner.

"Accordingly, one day after dinner, the Prince of Wales began the conversation by desiring I would take nothing amiss; and then proceeded, with much hesitation and confusion, that he certainly should be exceeding glad to employ me hereafter, but that just at present he had very particular reasons against my continuing in his service; that it would be very improper for him to give me a negative; hoped I would not lay him under such a difficulty; and that he should esteem it a real obligation, if my resignation could have the appearance of being entirely my own act. I answered, that far from taking any thing amiss, I returned his Royal Highness my humblest thanks for the very gracious manner in which he had expressed himself. That as to my quitting his service, I had often proposed it to the king, who, though much averse to it, had at last given his consent. That this had long been my object; for that several months ago, when his Royal Highness had thought proper to tell me that he expected to have the nomination of the person who was to be at the head of the new establishment, it being necessary there should be a man in such a place, whom he could thoroughly confide in; when he had added, that unless he was gratified in this particular, he should consider all those who were placed about him as his enemies; and when it was very apparent that I was not the person in whom his confidence was reposed, I should undoubtedly have resigned my employment the next morning, if I had not been apprehensive that it might have produced an immediate rupture; for I was determined, if there must be a quarrel between him and his grandfather, which I thought very probable, it should never be placed to my account. That I had persisted in doing all good offices, as long as they were practicable; that when it was no longer in my power to do any real good, I still had endeavoured to do as little harm as possible; and had made use of every opportunity to soften and alleviate whatever had been amiss; but at the same time, the king having appointed me his Royal Highness's governor, I was accountable to his Majesty, and it was my duty to give information, as to some particulars, when he required it: or supposing it had been my intention to deceive the king, even in that case, it would have been absurd to have denied those things which might be seen at every drawing-room, and were the subject of conversation at every coffee-house.

"Those who had persuaded his Royal Highness to speak to me in the manner I have mentioned, had forgot to furnish him with a proper reply: possibly they did not expect that I should have presumed to return so uncourtly an answer: he was much embarrassed, said little, and went immediately to his mother, to give an account of what had passed.

"In about two days, I was sent for by her Royal Highness, who began by apologising for her son's behaviour: telling me, that I certainly must have misunderstood him on several occasions, or that he had said more than he really intended: that he had a great regard for me, did not like new faces, and was very desirous I should continue in his service: but that he had a very particular esteem for the Earl of Bute, and had set his heart on making him Groom of the Stole: that being Master of the Horse was equally honorable, and if I would accept that employment every thing might be made easy, and the king and her son would both be satisfied. The prince, who was present, assented to every thing she said, but entered no further into the conversation. I returned their Royal Highnesses my humblest thanks; assured them that whether I quitted, or whether I remained his Royal Highness's servant, I should always be desirous of doing every thing which they should approve of, as far as was consistent with the superior duty I owed to the king; and that nothing could give me more real satisfaction, than to see perfect harmony and union in the royal family.

"Many compliments passed between us, without the least insincerity on either side: for we did not mean to deceive each other; but as we were soon to be divided for the rest of our lives, it seemed best to part with the appearance of good humour and civility. One of the compliments might, indeed, be somewhat equivocal: I told her Royal Highness that I had frequently taken the liberty of speaking to the king concerning Lord Bute's promotion; but had never obtained a serious answer; for that as often as I touched on the subject, he immediately laughed in my face.

"After this friendly conference, which

was about a month before the new establishment took place, I was treated with the greatest politeness; and when his Majesty granted their request, he made choice of me to be the messenger of good news.

"As soon as the happy event was notified, his Royal Highness wrote a letter to the king, full of the strongest professions of duty, respect, and gratitude; wherewith his Majesty was highly satisfied." * *

"I received his Majesty's commands to send letters of notification to his Royal Highness's new servants: and when the long expected day arrived, I introduced them first at Kensington, and then returned to Savile House, where I presented them to the Prince of Wales.

"The king could not be persuaded to look kindly on the Groom of the Stole: neither would he admit him into the closet, to receive the badge of his office; but gave it the Duke of Grafton, who slipt the gold key into Bute's pocket, wished it could have been given in a more proper manner, but prudently advised him to take no notice.

"When the whole ceremony was ended, I went to take leave of his Royal Highness, who was uncommonly gracious; assuring me that he was thoroughly satisfied with every part of my behaviour, and that if others had acted in the same manner, he should have had no reason to complain. After these compliments, we had a very cheerful conversation; which being ended, I made my bow, and parted from him with as much indifference as was consistent with respect and decency."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Letter to * * * * * * * * * * *(quasi John Murray) on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' Strictures on the life and Writings of Pope.* By Lord Byron pp. 55.

There is a good deal of prose Beppo-ism in this *brochure*, with the critical sentiments of which we most cordially agree. Indeed, it would be inconsistent beyond literary precedent, were we to hold contrary opinions; since the main feature of the contest was originally started in our Review of Campbell's British Poets, in which, (Literary Gazette, No. 111, March 6th, 1819,) it is said that he, "in a strain of the soundest argument, as well as of the best feeling, combats the strange hypothesis, that Pope's poetic merits were less, because his images are drawn from Art, more than from Nature;" and, after quoting the passage and illustration of the ship-launch, "we know not what our readers may think, but for ourselves we desire no finer poetry." Mr. Bowles, however, having disparaged Pope as a man, and as a poet, to the utmost of his power, thought it incumbent upon him to support the latter part of his thesis, by questioning this position. And hereupon the noble Lord joins issue. There is also another count between the parties, for words spoken by Lord B. to Mr. B., at the house of Samuel Rogers, *alias* (according to his Lordship, in his *complimentary* way), "the Nestor of our *inferior race* of living poets;" but as this has little of public interest attached to it, since nobody cares a farthing what Lord B. either said or thought about Bowles' compositions, we shall confine our view to the case, in so far as it relates to Pope and Poetry.

But, *a priori*, having said that we concur in Lord Byron's critical opinions on these points, it behoves us to guard ourselves against being thought to agree in the startling positions which he blurts out, ever and anon, so unceremoniously. For instance, we cannot coincide with his Lordship, when he exclaims—"I hate the word *magnanimity*, because I have sometimes seen it applied to the grossest of impostors, by the greatest of fools." By the same rule, his Lordship may hate wisdom, and virtue, and justice, and truth, and honour, and religion; for they, and every good quality, are equally profaned by being attributed to the undeserving, by the weak. We must also record our dissent from the following of the noble Lord's dogmas.

"I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them."

According to this principle, (the first sentence of which is bad grammar*, and the last bad patriotism), the Parthenon and its rock are of greater worth for a mere association in the midst of a barbarous and destroying people, than the instruction of a great country, and the advancement of a noble art all over the world. The ruins are *not* so poetical in Piccadilly, but they are infinitely more useful and valuable; and we trust, that instead of being battered to pieces by brutal Turks, they will now become the source whence the glories of sculpture will overspread the universe.

But we return to the main business of the pamphlet; which, by the by, tells us among other things, that Mr. Hobhouse was the Fletcher to Lord Byron's Beaumont, in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and wrote the part relative to Pope and Bowles, in the first edition of that bitter satire. Of Mr. B. the noble Lord says, sneeringly, "I have met Mr. Bowles occasionally, in the best society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week: but of 'his character' I know nothing personally; I can only speak to his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha. Of Mr. Bowles's '*character*,' I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice*, should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner, nor a personal one. Mr. Bowles the individual, and Mr. Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable." This is most strictly just, though we have our doubts of the writer's tenderness, as to being a literary or personal executioner. This very pamphlet shows that he can apply the cat-o-nine tails; and the English Bards, &c., not to mention his inflictions on his own wife, and the laceration of her humble dependant, afford sufficient proof that he can apply the torture, even to death, like an Inquisitioner; and that

If murdering innocents be executing,
Why then *he* is an Executioner.

Our disgust at the uncandid imputations upon Pope, in Bowles' edition, has been expressed; and therefore we need not repeat, that we hold that man to be no fit Editor of another's work, no fit biographer of another's life, who leans to detraction rather than to justice; we rejoice to find in Lord Byron so powerful an ally in this cause.

"The truth is (says he), that in these days the grand '*primum mobile*' of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the time. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved amours, (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking), sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet; but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of 'a libertine sort of love;' while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an insulated fact, as fanatics, or hypocrites, perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

"Mr. Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a 'second tumbler of *hot* white-wine negus.' What does he mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worse for being *hot*? or does Mr. Bowles drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that whatever wine he drank was neat; or at least, that like the ordinary in Jonathan Wild, 'he preferred *punch*, the rather as there was nothing against it in Scripture.' I should be sorry to believe that Mr. Bowles was fond of negus; it is such a 'candid' liquor, so like a wishy-wa[illegible]compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his 'Commentaries' (he was a poet too in his youth) with a bottle of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men

* "Why did I do so?" do what? do "will ever oppose"—fie my Lord—you a critic!—*Ed.*

was not inferior to the very different one of a soi-disant poet of this day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a bystander with bread and butter during the operation."

Who this is we know not, nor who is the person alluded to (page 13), of whom the author states "I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange, is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolical indecency. He himself says, that if 'obscenity (using a much coarser word) be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved.' These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his *editor* have been '*candid*' in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked *me*, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.*"

With regard to Mr. Campbell's ship, his Lordship's reasoning is equally conclusive—

"Mr. Bowles asserts that Campbell's 'Ship of the Line' derives all its poetry, not from '*art*,' but from '*nature*.' 'Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, &c. &c. *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting; and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles.' Very true: take away the 'waves,' 'the winds,' and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away 'the sun,' and we must read Mr. Bowles's pamphlet by candlelight. But the 'poetry' of the 'Ship' does *not* depend on 'the waves,' &c.; on the contrary, the 'Ship of the Line' confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny, that the 'waves and winds,' and above all 'the sun,' are highly poetical; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse: but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the seaweed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not: the poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away 'the Ship of the Line' 'swinging round' the 'calm water,' and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly if not transparently *clear*; witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? they might have seen the poetical 'calm water' at Wapping, or in the 'London Dock,' or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pigsty, or the garret window; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming-pan; but could the 'calm water,' or the 'wind,' or the 'sun,' make all, or any of these 'poetical?' I think not. Mr. Bowles admits 'the Ship' to be poetical, but only from those accessaries: now if they *confer* poetry so as to make one thing poetical, they would make other things poetical; the more so, as Mr. Bowles calls a 'ship of the line' without them, that is to say, its 'masts and sails and streamers,' 'blue bunting,' and 'coarse canvas,' and 'tall poles.' So they are; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poesy.

"Did Mr. Bowles ever gaze upon the sea? I presume that he has, at least upon a sea-piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of the Shipwreck, is it the storm or the ship which most interests? both *much* undoubtedly; but without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art."

* * *

"But Mr. Bowles says, 'why bring your ship off the stocks?' for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, &c. undoubtedly HEIGHTENS the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship—the ship less so without the water. But even a ship, laid up in dock, is a grand and a poetical sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a 'poetical' object; (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing-tub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I,) whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

"What makes the poetry in the image of the '*marble waste of Tadmor*,' or Grainger's 'Ode to Solitude,' so much admired by Johnson? Is it the '*marble*,' or the '*waste*,' the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The 'waste' is like all other *wastes*; but the '*marble*' of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place."

We have great pleasure in quoting the following passages—would to God, his Lordship would exemplify his doctrines in a poem worthy of himself and of them.

"Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory: without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame. The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenuous boast,

'That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But *stoop'd* to truth, and moralized his song.'

He should have written 'rose to truth.' In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the 'forests' that ever were 'walked' for their 'description,' and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly* even a finer poem than the Æneid. Virgil knew this; he did not order *them* to be burnt.

'The proper study of mankind is man.'"

We are tempted on to farther quotation, by the able manner in which a critical opinion (at least its major) expressed in almost every poetical review that has appeared in the Literary Gazette, is put forward by the noble author.

"It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call 'imagination' and 'invention,' the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant with a little whiskey in his head will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious. * *

"The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides; they are tired of hearing him always called 'the Just.' They are also fighting for life; for if he maintains his station, they will reach their own by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which

* This, though, is another of Lord B.'s laxities.—Bowles' attack on Pope, can be no justification for his attack on a third party: this is "mother whips me, and I whip the top," with a witness to it. The same remark applies to page 40, where his Lordship says, "the most envious man I ever heard of is a poet, and a high one; besides, it is an *universal* passion. Goldsmith envied not only the puppets for their dancing, and broke his shins in the attempt at rivalry, but was seriously angry because two pretty women received more attention than he did."

shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I *have* been (or it may be, still *am*) conspicuous—true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of 'Schools' and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

'Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho!'"

Bravo, my Lord! honourably and nobly said! this is the true spirit of a great poet; and every man must feel that it is truly asserted.—There seems to be no love between Byron and Southey. In his preface to the Vision of Judgement, Southey classes his Lordship with Moore, &c. in what he calls the "SATANIC SCHOOL;" and we have here his Lordship's revenge, by anticipation.

"Mr. Bowles, apparently not relying entirely upon his own arguments, has in person or by proxy brought forward the names of Southey and Moore. Mr. Southey 'agrees entirely with Mr. Bowles in his *invariable* principles of poetry.' The least that Mr. Bowles can do in return is to approve the 'invariable principles of Mr. Southey.' I should have thought that the word "*invariable*" might have stuck in Southey's throat, like Macbeth's 'Amen!' I am sure it did in mine, and I am not the least consistent of the two, at least as a voter."

There are many other parts in this biting little publication, especially the eulogies on Pope, which we should like to transfer to our pages; but it will be universally read, and this taste of its qualities must suffice.

The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature. London, 1821. 8vo. 4 vols. By Charles Bucke, Esq. Author of "Amusements in Retirement."

They who are happy enough to possess a taste for reading nature in her own works, will recognize one of her devoted worshippers in the author of these volumes. He seems to have looked on the world from a pastoral solitude, endeavouring to explore the hearts of men, and to bring their better nature into a high relief. The variety of subjects which he has connected with the proximate or remote operations of nature, is immense; and it is manifest that he must have dedicated a great portion of his life to the observance of her laws, and to the admiration of her influence.

The style is appropriately simple, though not always correct; and these pages serve to awaken associations of the most delightful kind, which unhappily, as we advance in life, are but too apt to fade from the recollection. It would not, however, suit our plan to enter on an analysis of so miscellaneous a work; nor does its character, indeed, require it. We shall merely endeavour to give some idea of the general design, by taking a few specimens of the subjects, prefixing to them their appropriate titles.

Grottos.

"The names of deities were given to grottos, as well as to fountains. The serenity of an Italian sky served to render those occasional retreats peculiarly agreeable to the Roman nobility; hence were they frequently to be found in the shrubberies and gardens of that accomplished people. The poets, at all times willing to celebrate whatever adds to their enjoyments, have left us some elegant descriptions of those recesses, formed in the sides of rocks, at the feet of mountains, or on the banks of rivulets. Many of these still remain in Italy *; containing multitudes of small paintings, representing vases, festoons, leaves, butterflies, shells, and fruits.

"Pausanias gives a remarkable account of a grotto at Corycium; and Statius describes an elegant one in his third Sylva; but that, which was the most celebrated in ancient times, was the grotto of Egeria; still existing, though in a state of ruin †. When this grotto was first made by Numa, it was formed with such skill, as to appear totally untouched by art: in the reign of one of the emperors, however, it entirely lost its simplicity; and, being adorned with marble and other splendid ornaments, it acquired a magnificence totally foreign to its original character. This provoked the satire of the indignant Juvenal. It is now said to have returned to its primitive simplicity; being adorned with moss, violets, sweet-briars, honeysuckles, and hawthorns.

"The grotto, which Pope formed at Twickenham, was one of the most celebrated ever erected in this kingdom. In the first instance, it was remarkable for its elegant simplicity: as the owner, however, advanced in years, it became more and more indebted to the refinements of art: but the recollection of its having amused the last years of that illustrious poet atones to the heart of the philanthropist, for what it loses to the eye of imagination and taste. The inscription he wrote for this fountain, seems to have been conceived from the following laconic fragment:—

"Nymphæ . loci . bibo . lavs . tace."

It may be well to apprise the reader that the author, with a modesty peculiar to himself, seldom describes his own feelings in the first person. He seems generally averse to mentioning himself directly; though there are some instances to the contrary, in which, philosophic as he is, he permits the *irritabile genus* to appear, and which we would wish had been omitted. But, generally, he disguises his own feelings under a fictitious name, Colonna; and he also surrounds himself with his friends, to whom he has assigned names which they alone know how to appropriate.

A Harvest Scene.

"In the retired parish of Aberystwith are three valleys and six dingles. Strawberries are in the woods, bilberries on the sides, and grouse upon the summits of the mountains. In the rivulets are, occasionally, found specimens of pyrites; and in the church-yard are several antique yew-trees, out of one of which grows a mountain ash. The church was built in the reign of Henry V. These valleys are so remote, and the access to them so difficult, that there never was a castle, a monastery, nor even a manor-house, built in either of them. The serpentine direction prevails here; as it does in the veins of plants; in the veins of minerals and animals; in the flowing of rivers; in the motion of clouds; in the disposition of countries; and in the ever-varying progress of the moon.

"O, that this lovely vale were mine!
That, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years might gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

"There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of all gracious Heaven,
A piety sublime:
And thoughts would come, of mystic mood,
To make, in this deep solitude,
Eternity of Time! N.

"Colonna once passed a day in these valleys: sometimes ascending the summits, sometimes sitting on the margin of the rivulets, and at others reclining under the shade of the coppices. It was the middle of September, and the very scene of repose, which Homer has described in one of the compartments of his hero's shield, was present. Flocks feeding over a valley, whose peace required no dogs to guard them: every soul of the village engaged in the harvest: some cutting the corn with sickles, others with scythes; some binding the sheaves; others picking up the shocks, which had fallen; boys taking the corn in their arms and carrying it to the binders; and others driving wicker sledges to the spot, where men and women were forming stacks. Groups of gleaners ‡ finished the picture. As he gazed, Colonna could not avoid contrasting this scene with those in the counties of Worcester and Kent, where the men were, probably, at that very moment, drawing the hop-poles out of the earth; the women taking their loaded stems; and, with their children, picking the clusters off the plants, and throw-

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* "Diverse Maniere d'adornare i Cammini Roma, p. 23, fol. 1769."

† "In Villa Justiniana, extat ingens lapis quadratus solidus in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt:—

Ægeria est quæ præbet aquas dea grata Camænis
Illa Numæ conjunx consiliumque fuit.

"Qui lapis videtur ex eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia isthuc comportatus.—MONTFAUCON. The Latian peasantry believed that Egeria was so afflicted at Numa's death, that she melted into a fountain of tears."

‡ In ancient times persons were allowed to glean in orchards and vineyards, as well as in the corn-fields. Esdras seems to allude to this custom, II. ch. xvi. v. 29, 30, 31.

ing them into baskets: the whole enlivened by the occasional song of hope and merriment.

"Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band;
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripen'd ear."
SCOTT.

Beauty of Colours.

"Nothing in nature is more beautiful than her colours. Every flower is compounded of different shades; almost every mountain is clothed with herbs, different from the one opposed to it; and every field has its peculiar hue.

"Colour is to scenery what the entablature is to architecture, and harmony to language. Nature, therefore, delights in no fixed colour: for even her green is so well contrasted, that the foliage of woods presents to our sight all the shades of an emerald, and all the combinations of innumerable chaplets. Colours are, indeed, so fascinating to the eye, that, in the East, there has long prevailed a method of signifying the passions, which is there called the love-language of colours. This rhetoric was introduced into Spain by the Arabians. Yellow expressed doubt; black, sorrow; green, hope; purple, constancy; blue, jealousy; white, content; and red the greatest possible satisfaction. In regard to mourning, it may not be irrelevant to remark that, though most Europeans mourn in black, the ancient Spartans, Romans, and Chinese, mourned in white; the Egyptians in yellow; the Ethiopians in brown; the Turks in violet; while kings and cardinals indicate their grief in purple.

"With as much facility may we number the leaves of the trees, the billows of the ocean, or the sands of the beach, as describe the various blendings of colours in stones, just washed by the waves: or the gradations and successions of tints, in shells, minerals, and flowers. These meltings of various hues may, not inaptly, be styled the melody of colours. Sir Isaac Newton having remarked, that the breadths of the seven primary colours were proportional to the seven musical notes of the gamut; Father Cashel conceived that colours had their harmonies as well as music; and he, in consequence, constructed an instrument ‖, which he called an ocular harpsichord. The office of this instrument, says Goldsmith, was to reflect all the combinations of the primary colours in regular succession: the prismatic rays furnishing the notes, and their shades the semitones.

"In Japan, clouds frequently assume the shapes of irregular fortifications; giving great richness and variety to the vast etherial concave. At the tropics, they roll themselves into enormous masses, as white as snow; turning their borders into the forms of hills; piling themselves upon each other; and frequently exhibiting the shapes of caverns, rocks, and mountains. There, as may be collected from St. Pierre, may be perceived, amid endless ridges, a multitude of valleys, whose openings are distinguished by shades of purple and vermillion. These celestial valleys exhibit, in their various colours, matchless tints of white, melting into shades of different colours. Here and there may be observed torrents of light, issuing from the dark sides of the mountains, and pouring their streams, like ingots of gold and silver, over rocks of coral. These appearances are not more to be admired for their beauty, than for their endless combinations; since they vary every instant. What, a moment before was luminous, becomes coloured: what was coloured mingles into shade: forming singular and most beauful representations of islands and hamlets, bridges stretched over wide rivers, immense ruins, huge rocks, and gigantic mountains."
—Ib. 329, 331.

The Rainbow.

"The poets feigned the rainbow to be the residence of certain aërial creatures, whose delight it is to sport and wanton in the clouds. Milton, in his exquisite pastoral drama of Comus, thus alludes to this platonic idea:—

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creature in the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

"Shakespeare is the only writer, who has alluded to the colours, which are reflected on the eye when suffused with tears. The rainbow, which, not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is impossible to conceive anything more grand, than the appearance of this fine arch, when its points rest upon the opposite sides of a narrow valley, or on the peaked summits of precipitate mountains. The Scandinavians believed it to connect earth with heaven; and gave it, for a guardian, a Being, called Heimdaller.

"It is impossible to see a rainbow without feeling admiration towards the Power, that forms it! One of the glories which are said to surround the throne of Heaven, is a rainbow like an emerald. In the Apocalypse it is described, as encircling the head of an angel; in Ezekiel, the four cherubim are compared to a cloud arched with it."

These extracts, brief though they are, will shew the scope of the author's design, and the tendency of his mind. He appears to be an amiable, kind-hearted individual, and we trust that his work will find friends among the lovers of nature and of humanity.

‖ "The powers of expressing colour by sound is fancifully illustrated in Mons. Bombet's lives of Haydn and Mozart, p. 157.

"*Wind Instruments.*—Trombone, deep red; trumpet, scarlet; clarionette, orange; oboe, yellow; bassoon, deep yellow; flute, sky blue; Diapason, deeper blue; double diapason, purple; horn, violet.

"*Stringed Instruments.*—Violin, pink; viola, rose; violoncello, red; double bass, deep crimson red."

Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

De Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon, continued.

It is not unusual, even in the best societies, to hear affected declamations upon the jealousies and envyings that prevail among scientific men. These, like many popular errors, originate in idle tales industriously propagated by meddling mischievous people, who, to get rid of their native *ennui*, wander about from one ingenious man's study to another, to pick up scraps for their scandalous chronicles. Idlers in everything worthy, who worry the man of genius into spleen by a thousand impertinences, drawing him when with only half his faculties free for conversation, into admissions which he never meant, and into opinions upon the works of others by wily stratagems of unfitting praises and misapplied compliments, provoking comments that momentary petulance thus basely excited alone could have induced, and which were never uttered to be whispered again.

But he that has *deserved* that friendly admission to the sanctum sanctorum which men of genius, with few exceptions, are at all times willing to grant to the real gentleman and true amateur, must know that professors of the fine arts are the first to do justice to the talent of their compeers.

When Lawrence, then but a very young man, exhibited his elegant whole length portrait of Miss Farren, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first to proclaim its high merits. It was placed in the great room of the Royal Academy, as a pendant to the splendid portrait of Mrs. Billington, as St. Cecilia, painted by the illustrious president of that institution. Sir Joshua, with that noble candour which is a usual attribute of superior genius, stood by the side of the young painter,—complimented him in the presence of the other artists on his extraordinary performance, and in answer to the admiration which Lawrence had expressed on the harmonious colouring and superior feeling displayed on the St. Cecilia, generously drew some comparisons in favour of his exquisite handling and masterly drawing, to his own disadvantage. "In you, sir," said Sir Joshua, "the world will expect to see accomplished, that which I have failed to achieve."

Turner, whose magnificent drawings were above the comprehension of those unacquainted with art, for many years during the seasons of Exhibition at Somerset House, was daily indebted to groups of admiring artists, generously occupied in teaching the public to feel with due pathos the poetry of his original style. Whilst he, too great to dread a rival, on being told that Calcott had painted one of his finest scenes on the Thames, on commission, for two hundred guineas, observed in the presence of several patrons of the arts, "Had I been deputed to set a value upon that picture, I should have awarded a thousand." But more of this in a future chapter.

Gainsborough was so wrapt in delight with

the Eidophusikon, that for a time he thought of nothing else—he talked of nothing else—and passed his evenings at that exhibition in long succession. Gainsborough, himself a great experimentalist, could not fail to admire scenes wrought to such perfection by the aid of so many collateral inventions. Loutherbourg's genius was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear, as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art—the *picturesque of sound.*

I can never forget the awful impression that was excited by his ingenious contrivance to produce the effect of the firing of a signal of distress, in his sea storm. That appalling sound, which he that had been exposed to the terrors of a raging tempest could not listen to, even in this mimic scene, without being reminded of the heart-sickening answer, which sympathetic danger had reluctantly poured forth from his own loud gun—a hoarse sound to the howling wind, that proclaimed, "I too, holy Heaven! need that succour I fain would lend!"

De Loutherbourg had tried many schemes to effect this; but none were satisfactory to his nice ear, until he caused a large skin to be dressed into parchment, which was fastened by screws to a circular frame, forming a vast tambourine; to this was attached a compact sponge that went upon a whalebone spring; which, struck with violence, gave the effect of a near explosion; a more gentle blow, that of a far-off gun; and the reverberation of the sponge produced a marvellous imitation of the echo from cloud to cloud, dying away into silence.

The thunder was no less natural, and infinitely grand: a spacious sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, which, shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon; and as the clouds rolled on, approached nearer and nearer, increasing peal by peal, until, following rapidly the lightning's zig-zag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead.

Once, being at the Eidophusikon, with a party of intelligent friends, when this scene was performing over Exeter 'Change, I had the felicity to experience a most interesting treat. I had often wished for an opportunity to compare the effect of the awful phenomenon—a thunder storm, with this imitative thunder of De Loutherbourg's. A lady exclaimed, "It lightens!" and, in great agitation, pointed to an aperture that admitted air to the upper seats. The consternation caused by this discovery, induced many to retire to the lobby, some of whom, moved by terror or superstition, observed, "that the exhibition was presumptuous." We moved to the gallery, and opening a door, stood upon the landing place, where we could compare the real with the artificial storm. When the exhibition was over, and we retired to sup with one of our party, the worthy Thomas Tomkins, in Sermon-lane, we naturally went into the merits of this scenic display, when it was agreed, and I repeat it not irreverently, that De Loutherbourg's was the best thunder.

To those who have not heard the sounds emitted by a large sheet of copper thus suspended, it may appear extravagant to assert so wondrous an effect; indeed it is not possible to describe the power of the resemblance—auricular evidence alone could convince.

The waves for his stage were carved in soft wood from models made in clay; these were coloured with great skill, and being highly varnished, reflected the lightning. Each turned on its own axis, towards the other, in a contrary direction, throwing up the foam, now at one spot, now at another—and diminishing in altitude as they receded in distance, were subdued by corresponding tints. Thus the perturbed waters appeared to cover a vast space. One machine of simple construction turned the whole, and the motion was regulated according to the increasing of the storm.

The vessels, which were beautiful models, went over the waves with a natural undulation, those nearest making their courses with a proportionate rate to their bulk, and those farther off moving with a slower pace. They were all correctly rigged, and carried only such sails as their situations would demand. Those in the distance were coloured in every part to preserve the aërial perspective of the scene. The illusion was so perfect, that the audience were frequently heard to exclaim, "Hark! the signal of distress came from that vessel labouring out there—and now from that."

The rush of the waves was effected by a large octagonal box, made of pasteboard, with internal shelves, and charged with small shells, peas, and light balls, which, as the machine wheeled upon its axis, were hurled in heaps with every turn; and being accompanied by two machines, of a circular form, covered with tightly strained silk, which pressed against each other by a swift motion, gave out a hollow whistling sound, in perfect imitation of loud gusts of wind. Large silken balls, passed hastily over the surface of the great tambourine, increased the awful din.

The rain and hail were no less truly imitated: for the rain, a long four-sided tube was charged with small seed, which, according to the degree of its motion, from a horizontal to a verticle position, forced the atoms in a pattering stream to the bottom, when it was turned to repeat the operation. The hail was expressed by a similar tube, on a larger scale, with pasteboard shelves, projecting on inclined planes, and charged with larger beads; so that sliding from shelf to shelf, fast or slow, as the tube was suddenly or gently raised, the imitation was perfect.

One of the most interesting scenes, described a calm, with an Italian sea-port, in which the rising of the moon, with the serene coolness which it diffused to the clouds, the mountains, and the water, was finely contrasted by a lofty light-house, of picturesque architecture, jutting out far into the sea, upon a romantic promontory of broken rocks. The red glowing light of its spacious lantern, tinged the rippling of the water on one part of its surface, whilst the moon shed its silvery lustre on another, in sweet repose. Shipping in motion added to the interest of the scene; and a fleet in the offing, slowly proceeding on its course, melted into air.

The clouds for this scene were admirably painted; and as they rolled on, the moon tinged their edges, or was obscured, at the will of the painter; for where he had loaded the colour to opaqueness, the transparent light of the orb could not penetrate. The clouds in front received sufficient illumination from the lamps, which were subdued by a bluish grey glass, one of the slips before described. The moon was formed by a circular aperture of an inch diameter, cut in a tin box, that contained a powerful argand lamp, which being placed at various distances from the back of the scene, gave a brilliant, or a subdued splendour to the passing cloud, producing without any other aid, the prismatic circle, with that enchanting purity which is peculiar to an Italian sky.

But the most impressive scene, which formed the finale of the exhibition, was that representing the region of the fallen angels, with Satan arraying his troops on the banks of the Fiery Lake, and the rising of the Palace of Pandæmonium, as described by the pen of Milton. De Loutherbourg had already displayed his graphic powers in his scenes of fire, upon a great scale, at the public theatre—scenes which had astonished and terrified the audience; but in this he astonished himself; for he had not conceived the power of light that might be thrown upon a scenic display, until he made the experiment on his own circumscribed stage. Here, in the fore-ground of a vista, stretching an immeasurable length between mountains, ignited from their bases to their lofty summits, with many-coloured flame, a chaotic mass rose in dark majesty, which gradually assumed form until it stood, the interior of a vast temple of gorgeous architecture, bright as molten brass, seemingly composed of unconsuming, unquenchable fire. In this tremendous scene, the effect of coloured glasses before the lamps was fully displayed; which, being hidden from the audience, threw their whole influence upon the scene, as it rapidly changed, now to a sulphurous blue, then to a lurid red, and then again to a pale vivid light, and ultimately to a mysterious combination of the glasses, such as a bright furnace exhibits, in fusing various metals. The sounds which accompanied the wondrous picture, struck the astonished ear of the spectator as no less preternatural; for, to add a more awful character to the peals of thunder, and the accompaniments of all the hollow machinery that hurled balls and stones with indescribable rumbling and noise, an expert assistant swept his thumb over the surface of the tambourine, which produced a variety of groans, that struck the imagination as issuing from infernal spirits.

Such was De Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon; and would that it were in being now, when the love of the fine arts has spread in so vast a degree!—that knowledge which

could have appreciated its merits having increased a thousand fold, since the period when the greatest scene-painter in the world was induced to dispose of his wondrous little stage, because the age could not produce amateurs sufficient, after two seasons, to make an audience to pay for lighting his theatre!

[The "*courtesy and complacency intended*" by the worthy gentleman who signs himself an "Admirer of Truth and the Old School," is accepted with becoming deference, by Mr. Ephraim Hardcastle, and will be noticed in a future chapter. Mr. Edwards, who was well acquainted with Michael Angelo Booker, has been consulted, in confirmation of that ingenious scene-painter's having assumed the Italianized designation, "Signor Bookerini." — Vide Edwards's Anecdotes of Painting, p. 265.

The author of Wine and Walnuts will be happy to avail himself of every communication from the same polite channel that has furnished him with the information touching Fuseli's Milton.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW (ANTARCTIC) LAND.

Respecting this country, the discovery of which was first announced in the Literary Gazette*, the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal has obtained some further interesting accounts. They occur in a notice of a second voyage, under E. Barnfield, master of the Andromache, who was dispatched in the brig which originally visited New Shetland, (the William) in order to ascertain the truth of the statements brought by Mr. Smith and his crew. The writer says, "We sailed from Valparaiso on the 20th of December 1819, but did not arrive on cruising ground till the 16th of January 1820, having been almost constantly harassed with baffling winds and calms till we arrived in a high southern latitude. On that day, however, we had the good fortune to discover the land to the south-eastward, extending on both bows as far as the eye could reach. At a distance, its limits could scarcely be distinguished from the light white clouds which floated on the tops of the mountains. Upon a nearer approach, however, every object became distinct. The whole line of coast appeared high, bold, and rugged; rising abruptly from the sea in perpendicular snowy cliffs, except here and there where the naked face of a barren black rock shewed itself amongst them. In the interior, the land, or rather the snow, sloped gradually and gently upwards into high hills, which appeared to be situated some miles from the sea. No attempt was made to land here, as the weather became rather threatening, and a dense fog came on, which soon shut every thing from our view at more than a hundred yards distance. A boat had been sent away in the mean time to try for anchorage; but they found the coast completely surrounded by dangerous sunken rocks, and the bottom so foul, and the water so deep, that it was not thought prudent to go nearer the shore in the brig, especially as it was exposed to almost every wind. The boat brought off some seals and penguins which had been shot among the rocks; but they reported them to be the only animated objects they had discovered. The latitude of this part of the coast was found to be 62° 26′ S. and its longitude to be 60° 54′ W.†

"Three days after this, we discovered and anchored in an extensive bay, about two degrees farther to the eastward, where we were enabled to land, and examine the country. Words can scarcely be found to describe its barrenness and sterility. Only one small spot of land was discovered on which a landing could be effected upon the Main, every other part of the bay being bounded by the same inaccessible cliffs which we had met with before. We landed on a shingle beach, on which there was a heavy surf beating, and from which a small stream of fresh-water ran into the sea. Nothing was to be seen but the rugged surface of barren rocks, upon which myriads of sea-fowls had laid their eggs, and which they were then hatching. These birds were so little accustomed to the sight of any other animal, that, so far from being intimidated by our approach, they even disputed our landing, and we were obliged forcibly to open a passage for ourselves through them. They consisted principally of four species of the penguin; with albatrosses, gulls, pintadoes, shags, sea-swallows, and a bird about the size and shape of the common pigeon, and of a milk-white plumage, the only species we met with that was not web-footed. We also fell in with a number of the animals described in Lord Anson's voyage as the Sea-Lion, and said by him to be so plentiful at Juan Fernandez, many of which we killed. Seals were also pretty numerous; but though we walked some distance into the country, we could observe no trace either of inhabitants, or of any terrestrial animal. It would be impossible, indeed, for any but beasts of prey to subsist here, as we met with no sort of vegetation except here and there small patches of stunted grass growing upon the surface of the thick coat of dung which the sea-fowls left in the crevices of the rocks, and a species of moss, which occasionally we met with adhering to the rocks themselves. In short, we traced the land nine or ten degrees east and west, and about three degrees north and south, and found its general appearance always the same, high, mountainous, barren, and universally covered with snow, except where the rugged summits of a black rock appeared through it, resembling a small island in the midst of the ocean; but from the lateness of the season, and the almost constant fogs in which we were enveloped, we could not ascertain whether it formed part of a continent, or was only a group of islands. If it is insular, there must be *some* of an immense extent, as we found a gulf nearly 150 miles in depth, out of which we had some difficulty in finding our way back again.

"The discovery of this land must be of great interest in a geographical point of view, and its importance to the commercial interests of our country, must be evident from the very great numbers of whales with which we were daily surrounded; and the multitudes of the finest fur-seals and sea-lions which we met both at sea and on every point of the coast, or adjacent rocky islands, on which we were able to land. The fur of the former is the finest and longest I have ever seen; and from their having now become scarce in every other part of these seas, and the great demand for them both in Europe and India, they will, I have no doubt, become, as soon as the discovery is made public, a favourite speculation amongst our merchants. The oil procured from the sea-lion is, I am told, nearly equal in value to that of the spermaceti whale. And the great number of whales we saw every where near the land, must also be an important thing to our merchants, as they have lately been said to be very scarce to the northward.

"We left the coast on the 21st of March, and arrived at this place on the 14th of April, having touched at Juan Fernandez for refreshment."

It is a singular coincidence, that the biography of Capt. Cook closes (by way of summary) with the declaration, that the illustrious navigator had decided two great problems—namely, that there was no antarctic land, and no passage into the arctic polar sea. These unlucky assertions are, by a strange chance, both negatived in the same year, 1820.

* See our volume for last year, p. 505, where this fact is stated, and an account given of the voyage of the William, of Blythe, Smith, master. See also pages 524, 538, 668, for further particulars, the log of the voyage, &c.

† Within a few minutes of the first discovery. — Ed.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

March 17, 1821.

Sir,—In the architectural annals of the Literary Gazette, I trust you will deem the following communication worthy of a place.

The removal of an ancient characteristic from, and the addition of a new feature to, the principal commercial building in Europe, will no doubt interest the attention of your scientific readers. It is for that purpose therefore, I beg leave to call their attention, to a comparative description of the new tower now erecting on the Royal Exchange, in lieu of the old one, which has been lately pulled down by order of the Gresham Committee.

The beauties of architecture, when exhibited in the erection of towers or spires, are certainly productive of more gratification to the admirers of the science, than when displayed in any other form; whether we take a close view of them from their base and regard their lofty summits, as it were piercing the very clouds; whether we observe them from a distance, crowning, embellishing, and towering over the town or village which they distinguish; or whether we observe their spires alone, from a distance, as far as the eye can reach, the effect produced is pleasingly striking, and in many cases sublime. What topographical view of

a city, town, or village, would appear perfect or complete without these elevated insignia of architectural designs. Were we to sketch a panoramic view of this great metropolis, and deprive it of that vast and magnificent globular elevation, the Dome of St. Paul's—the tapering beauties of St. Bride's steeple—the aspiring Doric capital of the Monument—the aerially supported spire of St. Dunstan's in the West—or that elegant combination of all the architectural orders, the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow, we should lose all recollection of its identity, and reduce the view to one unshapen mass of buildings, too contemptible to deserve admiration.

The most eminent artist in this branch of the science (of whom we may rank Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones among the most distinguished, with several others of less note, without the least disparagement to any of our modern Spire-modellers) seemed to preserve in their works, a leading feature in gothic architectural beauty, namely open work, which produced a double beauty, and added a twofold lustre to the brilliancy of their designs; as the following example will demonstrate.

Whether in the middle of the day, the rays of light are darted directly on the building, and it is consequently viewed by the spectator as an opaque body; or whether the departing rays of the setting sun dart immediately through it, and all its component parts form an interesting profile to the eyes of the spectator; it cannot but form a most pleasing object. For instance, we view the two steeples at the west end of St. Paul's (which consist entirely of open work) by broad daylight, with infinite pleasure, and observe their architectural design presenting to our sight solid but embellished piles of masonry. We view them in the evening from a different situation, and they present a far different, and very pleasant aspect: they seem to us, as it were anatomized, when compared with their former appearance; and that building which before seemed an opaque body, now developes a coup-d'œil of ribbed masonry; the slender pillars and expanding arches form a profile, the beauty of which can only be conceived by those who have attentively observed it; and when the purple tints of the sky at sunset penetrate the intersecting branches and colonnades of these elegant buildings, the effect produced is of the most interesting kind. The profile of St. Dunstan's, Bow, St. Bride's, and various other similarly constructed steeples, has an equally pleasing appearance.

Thus much for the two-fold beauty evinced by our progenitors in this species of architecture. Since their days it has dwindled away into a mere shadow; for surely the dwarf-like erections, substituted for steeples, on most of our modern edifices (some of which scarcely equal in size the turret of a stable clock, or the alarm-bell box of an academy) may very justly be called the shadows of those of former days; even those which do raise their heavy heads a little higher than their pigmy neighbours, exhibit an entirely opaque body of masonry, through which not a ray of light can penetrate to relieve the dulness of their aspect, so that the pellucid or transparent style of steeple-building may be said to be totally lost. St. Mary-le-bone Steeple (the last parochial one erected in London) though "a little higher than the angels" which support its dome, is infinitely lower than any steeples of former days. A square wooden box containing a clock and a bell, and surmounted by a weathercock, forms (with a few exceptions) the *chef d'œuvre* of the modern style of steeple building. Witness Bermondsey steeple, St. John's Church Clerkenwell, Pentonville Chapel, Islington Chapel, with many others. There is also another style of steeple building, most rapaciously adopted by all modern architects—which consists, most simply, of a circular story surmounted by a small dome containing a small bell, viz. St. Martin Outwich; St. Peter le Poor; the church leading from Broad Street into Moorfields; the New Chapel in Waterloo Place, &c. &c. If this petite-style of building prevail, adieu to all the merry peals which are wont to be rung on the bells of our old churches. Nay, I very much question if a merchant ought to place dependance on the certainty of weathercocks set on these modern buildings, as being in too terrestrial a situation; and should the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange, by any unlucky substitution, on his remounting to his elevated station, be put several feet lower than he was before, the smoke may impede his aerial progress, and he will no longer indicate the state of the wind, or the likelihood of the arrival of shipping, &c.

Having compared the ancient with the modern style of steeple-building, I now proceed to the subject of this communication, namely, the new tower erecting on the Royal Exchange.

It would be naturally expected, that on removing the principal feature of a building, the commercial interest of which is of importance to nearly the whole globe, its removal would be speedily followed by a restitution of it in its original state, or after a design more elegant than the original. In the present instance the original design has been abandoned: whether the substitution possesses superior advantages to the original, I submit to the judgement of your readers, by giving them the following (I believe) correct description of it.

The first division or compartment of the new tower is square, in the centre of which is a niche, at present vacant.

On each side of this compartment of the tower, there is intended to be elevated, as before, an erection of masonry, nearly half its heigth. At each angle of the tower there is intended to be placed a colossal Griffin, the fore paw sustaining, as one of the supporters, the city arms. In the centre it is intended to place four busts of the Virgin Queen, being the Mercers' arms.

The next compartment is in shape octagonal, with small buttresses extending from the top of this compartment to the tower: here is to be placed the clock and dials.

The next compartment is composed of a perystyle of Corinthian columns surmounted by an entablature, upon which a small dome is intended to be erected; which, with a pedestal and vane, will complete the whole pile.

The erections of masonry on either side of the square tower, are intended to be embellished with bas relief designs, representing the present state of the country, &c. &c. Colossal figures are also to be placed in front of the building above the columns, representing the four quarters of the globe; and in the centre are to be placed the royal arms.

The circular range of columns and dome top, is so hackneyed a design, that the tower when viewed at a distance, will more resemble the top of a chapel than the summit of the principal mercantile mart of Europe.

I am, &c.

ASBESTOS.

[*In justice to our Correspondent, we omit the first part of his last paragraph. Ed.*]

FINE ARTS.

On Monday, Sir John Leicester's Gallery was thrown open, and a number of visitors who had previously procured the privilege of entré, were admitted to this gratifying and magnificent abode of the British Fine Arts. Richly as the liberal exhibitor of these charming works merits the highest eulogy of every lover of our native school, from us it would be but a repetition of panegyric, and from any one, the mere echo of general sentiment. Indeed we know very few things which unite the universal suffrage so entirely, as the species of encouragement which this distinguished individual has chalked out for the arts of England and their professors. We hear of no difference of opinion on the subject; and all repeat that, by their splendid public display, even more than by their munificent purchase, the princely possessor of these *chefs d'œuvre* contributes to exalt, promote, and render illustrious, the painters and paintings of his native country.

We mentioned, in a former Gazette, that the Gallery had been newly arranged. Vincent's superb View of London is, and suffers no injury, opposite to Turner's noble scene of the Beach, and in a fellow compartment with Wilson's delightful landscape. Hilton's Europa is still at the head of its class, improving with time; Collins's sweet Sea-shore, Northcote's uncommon and beautiful Angels, Lawrence's enchanting whole-length of Lady Leicester, Harlow's delicious female heads, and all the well-known masterly performances of Reynolds, Hoppner, Romney, Gainsborough, Opie, Shee, West, Fuseli, Ward, Howard, Thomson, Bone, Owen, &c. &c. continue to embellish this splendid collection. The bust of West is placed in a striking light, and fixes a rising character on the young sculptor who executed a portrait at once so like, so forcible, and so delicate. The cast of the venerable President's right hand, as taken after his death, is in a small room. It is remarkable as expressing "the ruling passion strong in death;" for it is in the attitude of painting; and the strong markings

of the fore-finger joints, from their use in the execution of works during so long a life, are singularly worthy of observation. Mr. Young's catalogue of the pictures, with etchings, completed our enjoyment. The principal subjects are excellently done. The observations are modest and sensible, and the accounts of the works, though short, satisfactory. We need scarcely say, that the rooms were full; very proper care having been taken that they should not be inconveniently crowded.

The present season will be very rich in Exhibitions. Besides those usual at Somerset House, the British Gallery, and Spring Gardens, (which we learn with pleasure, is to be confined to water colours, and likely to be admirably supplied,) there is to be an exhibition of Engravings by living British artists, in Soho-square, to which the king has, with his distinguished promptitude in patronizing the arts, already given his liberal support. An exhibition of Sir Thomas Lawrence's magnificent portraits, painted abroad, in Pall Mall. An exhibition of Mr. West's works, in a gallery building at his residence, in Newman-street. An exhibition of Glover's landscapes. Belzoni's very striking and interesting Egyptian tombs, which we may say, from actual examination, translate the wonders and antiquities of Thebes, by fac-simile, to Piccadilly. Haydon's noble pictures are also to be seen in Pall Mall; Tomkins' Gallery exists till July, in Bond-street; and when to all these we add the facilities to view them annually given by the noble owners of the Grosvenor and Stafford Galleries; the opportunities, upon proper application of seeing Mr. Fawkes' unequalled drawings; Mr. Hope's; Mr. Angerstein's, and other great though private collections; and still further, the multitude of sales by Christie, Bullock, Phillips, &c. it must give a very extraordinary idea of the glories of London in the Arts, in the year 1821, the second of a king who promises to do more for literature, and every refined pursuit, than any monarch that ever sat on the British throne.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DISCOVERY, BY BARRY CORNWALL.

A Dramatic Sketch, founded on a Story of Boccaccio.

"Ricciardo Manardy was found by Messer "Legio da Valbouna as he sat fast asleep at "(Catherine's) his daughter's window, having "his hand fast in hers, and she sleeping in the "same manner. Whereupon they are joined "together in marriage, and their long loyal love "mutually recompenced." *Boccaccio, old trans.*

Scene I.—A Chamber.

Ricciardo. Catherine.

Cath. Why do you follow me?
Ric. 'Twill ease my heart.
Cath. Your heart!
Ric. To look on you. Fair Catherine!—nay,
Draw not your hand aside. By heaven, your eye
Is brighter than a star. I almost wish
Your voice less sweet; and yet not so, for can
So sweet a voice be cruel?
Cath. You are strange.
Ric. That should not be, for—(yet 'tis strange to *me*,)
My feeling is as common as the light.
Interpret for me, Catherine. I wish—
I wish—Oh! answer me before I speak;
Or, let me see your eyes and I will read.
You turn them from me. Ha! there's colour on
Your cheek; I'll kiss it off.
Cath. Be distant, Sir.
Well, well,—not distant, then: Yet, can I speak
And know not? I—I understand not.
Ric. Oh!
Shame on your deep dyed beauty, then!
Cath. Away!
Ric. It is—now listen. Nay, but you must look,
And stedfast, while you listen: tremble not.
I have—long—oh! my own sweet Catherine,
I love you,—languish for you: oh! so long
Have I both loved and languished that I dread
Lest my true love, shaping itself like folly,
May sink me in your sweet esteem. Look on me,
My dear, dear Catherine! See, I kneel to you.
Will you not bid me rise?
Cath. My dear Ricciardo!
Ric. I did not hear. Again,—say that again.
Cath. I will not.
Ric. Are you gay? Oh! then I'll pluck
The words away that now lie laughing, there,
On your red lip.—How soft and sweet it is!—
Once more. You will not? Then, I'll be content.
And now that you are mine——
Cath. I said not that.
Ric. I read it, plainly. How! will you deny
That your bright eyes can speak,—and is our seal
So soon forgotten?—You *are* mine?
Cath. For ever.
Ric. A fair Eternity. And now, sweet girl,
Hearken to what I tell. Your father loves
You well, dear Catherine.
Cath. My dear father!
Ric. He
Calls you the blossom of his life,—his hope,—
Child of his age,—and, it may be, he will not
Part readily with the child he loves so much;
And I have heard him say that should you die
Or leave him, he must droop and soon decay.
In time perhaps he may consent: till then
Let us be secret, my fair love, and speak
No soft betraying word when others hear.
We will not trust the day, but silent night
Shall be our confidant, and we will meet
Beneath the benediction of the moon:
Sometimes the stars shall light us, love, and when
The lone cathedral, with his midnight voice,
Sounds '*twelve*' for those who wake, I'll ever be
Beside your lattice, full of love and hope,
And with a heart as true as constancy.
Cath. Take heed you sleep not, else,—oh! you may sleep.
Ric. Cupid once slept in Psyche's arms, my love;
But till I sleep in thine I will not sleep
At our own hour, believe it. You shall be
My sweet remembrancer: my heart will lie
Awake within the shadow of your love,
And in my home still shall I hear your voice,
Sweet music! treasured up by memory.
I'll have a ringlet of your raven hair,
And wear it on my bosom like a charm!
And your soft eye (as parting sunlight leaves
A splendour on the evening waterfalls)
Shall in the night of absence rest on me,
And cheer me till our meeting.
Cath. Dear Ricciardo!
Ric. And now, where shall we meet—beneath your lattice?
Or by the lime trees, or——
Cath. Where?—where?—I know not.
Ric. There is a bower within your garden, sweet,
Where the winds kiss the roses. Though all flowers
Are there, yet that most perfect flower of all,
The red rose, casts her sweetness paramount,
O'er leaves and fountains, and the star-bright dew,
When day hath languished. Like sweet incense, which
Steams around altars, doth her breath ascend,
At which her pining love, the nightingale,
Utters shrill transport, and till morning shines
Loads the soft air with music.
Cath. Be it so.
And yet—no, 't cannot be, for I must pass
My father's chamber. No,—come thou below
My window, dear Ricciardo, and cast up
A tuft of grass against it: I shall hear
The smallest noise, be sure; and thou mayst then,
With little pains, spring on the marble which
Arches the garden portal. I will open
The lattice then, and we will talk——
Ric. For ever.
Cath. Less time will do.
Ric. At midnight then?
Cath. At midnight.
Farewell now.
Ric. Fare thee well. Love guard thee, ever!
[CATH. *exit.*
Trim your dull wings,—and cut the silent air
With speed, love-haunted night. They said but ill
Who made thee black, and, in Aurora's train
And young Apollo's feigned diviner shapes,
Constant companions. Thou, perpetual Queen
Of secrecy and love, deservest most
High celebrations for thy mystic power:
So, to thy starry influence will I bend
Henceforth, thy heart-bound servant.——
September, 1820. B. C.

(*Scene 2 in our next No.*)

HEAVEN.

A Fragment.

O Heaven!—O beautiful and boundless sky!
Upon whose breast stars and pale planets lie,
Unnumbered and innumerable, ever
Mocking with brightning eyes man's vain endeavour!—
Thou radiant wilderness, thro' which the moon
Moves like a spirit, without voice or tune
Accompanied, or song or choral shout,
Save what the universal spheres send out
For aye,—inaudible, tho' vast and deep,—
Thou world of worlds, within whose arms the sun
Awakens; and, when his bright task is done,
Like a reposing child, lies down to sleep,
Amongst thy golden bowers!——
—— O gentle Heaven!
Art thou indeed the home,—the happy shore,
Where creatures wearied of this earth are driven,—
Where Hate is not,—where Envy cannot soar,
And nought, save unimaginable Love,
And tenderest Peace (a white and winged dove),
And beauty and perennial bloom are seen,
And angels, breathing in Elysian air
Divinest music, and young shapes, more fair
Than Houris pacing soft thro' pathways ever green?—
B. C.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SURPRISE OF THE SCHOOL OF TERRACINA, BY BANDITTI.

(The following relation gives a frightful picture of the state of Italy.)

During the night of the 23d of January, this school was attacked by banditti, eighteen in number, from the Neapolitan territory. One of them knocked at the gate, and demanded to speak to some of the youths, and to the Rector or Sub-rector. The porter answered, that neither of the latter were within, and then went to give information of the circumstance. Meantime, the voice of the Sub-rector returning home was heard: the banditti fell upon him, and holding a knife to his throat, forced him to have the door opened. Some of them immediately rushed in, while others remained to keep guard over their prisoner. The youths of the academy were obliged to get up, and, together with their professor and attendants, fifteen persons in all, to leave the house two by two, and to set out with the robbers for the mountains. They had gone only a few steps, when the brave Carabineer Ercolani, singly and heroically attacked the band. Several shots were fired; one of them killed the Carabineer, and mortally wounded the Sub-rector, who died the following day: several of the boys were slightly wounded. During this combat, one of the boys, with a professor and attendant, had the good fortune to escape. The other prisoners were now obliged quickly to ascend the mountain; on their way, another of the boys escaped. As soon as the affair was known at Terracina, the Captain of that district collected his troops, who, united with the yagers, followed the robbers; but the papal troops not being allowed to pass the frontiers, gave the band an opportunity of escaping into the Neapolitan mountains. Application was however made to the Neapolitan authorities, for leave to pursue them and deliver the young prisoners. Already, on the 24th, the band had released two of the pupils and the porter, and gave them letters to the parents of the young people, in which they demanded 72,000 crowns in gold for their ransom, which was soon reduced to 30,000 crowns and some provisions.

The parents immediately sent a sum of money, as well as a quantity of provisions: upon this four of the youngest of the boys were released. Through the mediation of the Bishop, 8000 crowns more were sent, in return for which the freedom of nine more pupils was obtained. They had now only three boys, for whose ransom they wanted 2400 crowns; and deputies had just arrived to pay them this imposition, when the Neapolitan troops appeared. The barbarians murdered two of the boys in the presence of the persons who had got the money to release them; the third, however, luckily escaped death by flight. Every exertion was making to apprehend the assassins.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Hallande has sustained the part of Carlos, in the Duenna. On her first appearance we expressed the very high opinion we entertained of this lady's powers, though she seemed to us to have been rather prematurely hurried upon the stage. Every time that we have heard her since, has confirmed and strengthened that impression; and we will venture to predict, that with any thing like well-directed study, she will become, perhaps, the greatest songstress that England has ever produced. Her capabilities are surprizing; her voice of the finest order, and equal to every thing either of ravishing sweetness or extraordinary compass. In the airs of Carlos, notwithstanding an evidently hasty production, she delighted and astonished us, alike by the quality of her tones and the powers of her execution. The whole opera was fine. Miss Stephens, as always, charming; Fawcett, a genuine Isaac; and Mrs. Davenport, as genuine a partner for him: the other parts, both vocal and comic, adequately filled. Mrs. Glover played Katherine with great spirit, to C. Kemble's Petruchio, in the afterpiece; and Blanchard's Grumio, added zest to their laughable efforts.

On Tuesday, Miss Dance played Belvidera, and we fear not sufficiently above the level to warrant us in exaggerating the judgement we passed on her Mrs. Haller. There were, however, some palpable hits in her performance; and these in some measure reduced the pervading weakness of the general conception, dialogue, and action. She is, unquestionably, a noble creature for the stage; and if she has energy, and will allow it to get the better of tameness; if she has passion, and will let it supersede art; if she has nature, and will suffer it to overbear study; she may yet become one of the brightest ornaments of the Drama. At present, she is only agreeable; she would then be the object of heartfelt admiration. Macready and C. Kemble, were Pierre and Jaffier.

ORATORIOS.—The Oratorios at Covent Garden, under the direction of Mr. Bishop, have been crowded throughout the season; and the selections, being of a mixed nature, have given great pleasure to the lovers of both sacred and profane music.

Drury Lane Dinner.

On Friday, the 30th ult. the annual dinner in aid of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, took place at Freemason's Tavern. It was largely attended, generously supported, and, as far as social enjoyment could be cultivated, very excellently managed. Friday being a busy day with us, we could not attend; but we read with pleasure in the newspapers, that the subscription amounted to 1300*l*. His Royal Highness the Duke of York was in the chair, several noblemen and gentlemen in full speech, and Braham in full song.

The Covent Garden Fund Anniversary is to be observed at the same place on Wednesday, and another brilliant and benevolent meeting is anticipated. It is a source of the purest gratification, to be able to taste at the same time a great intellectual treat, and the pleasures of the table, combined with all the witcheries of music, the sallies of humour, and the sense of doing a kind—a grateful—and a humane action. Such are the attendance at these dinners, and to funds which are to redeem from want and affliction, persons who have contributed so often, and so much, to our gayer moments.

VARIETIES.

A brewer, who, according to the uncharitable suspicions of the illiberal, made patriotism a convenient way of selling his porter, rendered himself lately very conspicuous on the anti-ministerial side, in a public meeting. Some one remarked, that he was making a desperate *lunge* at popularity. "Pardon me," replied a by-stander, "he is only playing at *cart and tierce*."

Animal Fidelity.—On the 8th of February a cause was tried by the Court of Assize of Ain in France, in which an assassin of a man named Fleurot was condemned on evidence not unlike that of the famous *Dog of Montargis*. The circumstances were these. The wife of Fleurot was anxiously looking for the return of her husband, whose unusual absence filled her with fear, when about ten o'clock his dog arrived covered with wounds and stabs, especially in the belly, whence his bowels protruded. He laid his fore paws on his mistress, whined mournfully, licked her, and went to the door as if inviting her to follow him. The woman instantly conceived that her husband had been murdered, and gave herself up to the guidance of the dog, which conducted her to the place where the crime had been committed, and expired. The next morning, the hat of Fleurot was found near the Rhone. The spot where he had had his last contest with the assassin was much trodden; the traces of men and of a dog struggling, were very evident; the rags with which the ground was strewed, bore testimony to the courage with which the dog had fought for his master; and his wounds and death showed, that after having defended him at the expence of his life, this faithful animal employed his last moments in avenging him.

Anecdote of Major von Schill.—Major Schill, in his campaign in 1806 and 1807, had taken with his volunteer corps, four extremely fine horses, intended for Buonaparte; who, when he heard of the circumstance, wrote to the Major to return them, engaging to pay him 1000 crowns in gold for each. This letter however was directed thus: "To the Captain of Banditti Schill." Schill's answer to his letter is as follows.

Dear Brother,—I am the more pleased at having taken four of your horses, as I see by your letter, that you put so great a value upon them. But I cannot accept the 4000

crowns in gold for them: I am not at all in want of money; and besides I do not covet other people's property. If however instead of this, you will replace the four horses which you stole from the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin, you shall have the horses again which I have taken from you, without further payment.

The French Journals mention an action, that has been commenced by M. Leger Didot against M. Aimé Martin, one of the Professors of the Polytechnic School, and Clerk of the Chamber of Deputies. M. Martin is the author of a work entitled, *Essai sur la vie et les ouvrages de Bernardin de Saint-Pierre*, in which he speaks of the marriage of Bernadin de Saint-Pierre with Madame Félicité Didot, his first wife. He observes, that Bernardin de Saint-Pierre found in the family into which he had married, relations divided by interest, and persons of low and vulgar minds, who calumniated his character. M. Leger Didot regards this publication as defamatory and injurious to his family, and particularly to him. He demands 10,000 francs damages.

Longevity.—There is a man now living, who was born in the parish of Kingston, near Hereford, on the 8th December, 1702. He is consequently of the extraordinary age of 118.

Turkeys in Tartary, and Geese in Fezzan.—From the two works of Sir G. Staunton and Captain Lyon, reviewed in our last Number, we copy the following droll accounts of the above-mentioned birds.

"They have here (says the Chinese Ambassador in the former, speaking of Saratof) a remarkable kind of fowl about the size of a goose. It has long legs and a short tail. Some of them are variegated with black and azure; others are white with blue spots. The male bird has a crest, which is constantly changing its colour. When the bird is pursued, it utters a loud cry, spreads its wings, raises its feathers, and drops its crest. The people here keep and feed these birds in great numbers. The Russians say that the bird was first found in the *Ni-mo-tsin* country, and that it was from thence that the breed was obtained. They are also now common in *Fan-see* (France). *Ni-mo-tsin* is a part of the country which the Russians call Sweden."

"This morning (says the latter, while at Zuela,) my curiosity was much excited respecting a very extraordinary fowl, of which the Shreef, Mohamed el Dthâbi, last night told me some wonderful stories. He described it as being almost white, and above a foot and a half in height; very stately and dignified in its gait. He had brought a cock and a hen from Egypt, and what was most remarkable, though the cock crowed very loud, and unlike other cocks, the hen crowed also, and nearly as well as her mate. The eggs were very large, and an omlette, which he brought me, was composed of five of them, though, from its size, I really thought twenty would have been requisite. A very large crowd assembled to witness what would be my surprise at the sight of this creature; and while the Sidi went out to fetch it, each told me some curious story respecting it. At last it arrived, and Mohammed having begged that the way might be cleared, walked up to me with great importance, and opening his abba, set before me a goose, which waddled off with great dignity, hissing as it went; while I, to the great disappointment of the company, fell back and laughed immoderately.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Should the following remarks on the derivation of the Roman numerals be esteemed worthy of a place in the Literary Gazette, by inserting them you will greatly oblige, Yours, &c. F. R.

The figure *one* was naturally enough expressed by a simple upright line (I); two crossed lines (X) marked the next step in the scale of numeration: for a *hundred*, which follows next, three lines (ⅭⅠ), were used; and for a *thousand* four, (M), or incurved, (ↀ), or even divided (CIↃ).

When the frequent repetition of these was found to be tedious, others were invented from them, as *five* was expressed by the upper or lower half of (X); *fifty*, by the half of (ⅭⅠ); and the division of the incurved or divided figure (IↃ), marked *five hundred*.

But the plain strokes soon gave way to the introduction of alphabetical characters; and those letters which most resembled each, were used in their stead: as, the letter (I) was used for (I); (V), for (Ⅴ); (X), for (X); (L), for (Ⅼ); (C), which had originally a square shape, for (ⅭⅠ); (D) was found to be most like to the figures (IↃ); and for the mark (M), (M) was adopted.

The Mermaid.—It was mentioned in all the Journals, some time ago, that a Mermaid, caught in the Indian seas, had been brought to this country. The creature so described, and no doubt one of the species which has given rise to so many fabulous stories, is now in the Museum of Surgeons' Hall. It is about 8 feet in length, and bears a strong resemblance to the common Seal. There is also a young female, of the same species, in the same place. They belong to the class of Mammalia; the fins terminate (internally) in a structure like the human hand; the breasts of the female are very prominent; and, in suckling its young, not only this appearance but their situation on the body, must cause that extraordinary phenomenon which has led to the popular belief. In other respects, the face is far from looking like that of the human race; and the long hair is as entirely wanting as the glass and comb.

LITERARY NOTICES.

It is reported that Bloomfield, the Farmer's Boy, is about to publish a new work.

Dr. Davy's work on Ceylon, which will be published this season, is, we are informed, composed entirely from original materials collected by the author during his residence in that island, under very favourable circumstances for procuring correct information. The first part of it will embrace the physical condition of the country, and the political and moral state of its inhabitants, including its geography, zoology, and climate: its population, government, religion, arts and sciences, history, &c. The second part will contain a narrative of the author's travels through a great extent of the interior, in which the features of the country will be described. And the third and last part will relate to the medical history of Ceylon.—The work, in quarto, will be enriched with a new and improved map of Ceylon, and embellished with wood cuts and engravings.

We understand a work may be expected to appear soon, which is likely to prove extremely interesting to historical readers, and to the public at large. We are not authorised to be particular in this matter, but we *may* say that it is a production of the highest interest and authority, and will throw curious and unexpected light upon the history, habits, and manners, of the period of James the First of England. This work will come forth under mysterious circumstances; but the mystery which, for the present, unavoidably attaches to it, may possibly not be of a permanent nature.

Contents of Journal des Savans for February, 1821.

Art. I. The Dunteer (second article) reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy.

Art. II. M. de Jonnes Monographie Historique et Medicale de la Fièvre Jaune des Antilles.—M. Tessier.

Art. III. Laromiquière, Leçons de Philosophie.—M. Cousin.

Art. IV. Viennet, Clovis Tragedie.—M. Vanderbourg.

Art. V. Walpole's Travels in the East.—M. Letronne.

Art. VI. Thicke, Complet des Latins.—M. Daunon.

Art. VII. Alard, du Siege et de la Nature des Maladies.—M. Tessier.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1821.

Thursday, 29—Thermometer from 38 to 47.
Barometer from 29, 07 to 29, 31.

Friday, 30—Thermometer from 31 to 52.
Barometer from 29, 36 to 29, 48.

Saturday, 31—Thermometer from 35 to 52.
Barometer from 29, 31 to 29, 42.

APRIL.

Sunday, 1—Thermometer from 36 to 52.
Barometer from 29, 62 to 29, 56.

Monday, 2—Thermometer from 39 to 58.
Barometer from 29, 36 to 29, 20.

Tuesday, 3—Thermometer from 39 to 52.
Barometer from 29, 23 to 29, 28.

Wednesday, 4—Thermometer from 33 to 54.
Barometer from 29, 36 to 29, 31.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.
Long. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The first Three Numbers of the year having been reprinted, the Quarterly Part for January, February, and March, may now be had.

The favours of Correspondents are too numerous for particular notice: they shall all meet with due attention, as speedily as possible.

We had printed for this No., an account of the further progress made by the Royal Society of Literature; but circumstances induce us to postpone it.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,
Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS Gallery, for the, Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.
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Egyptian Tomb discovered by Mr. Belzoni.

ABOUT the middle of April, a Model of this Ancient Monument will be exhibited to the Public. The Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, will be divided, so as to present an exact *fac simile* of the two most spleudid Apartments of this Tomb of one of the Kings of Egypt: the wall will be adorned with Figures in Basso Relievo, cast from the models in wax, and painted as the original, from which may be formed a most correct idea of the Arts, Sciences, and Religion of that Primitive Nation. To give the exact effect to this splendid Excavation, as seen by the Traveller, Belzoni, the apartments will be illuminated by artificial lights. Such an Exhibition of Egyptian Art has never been before introduced into Europe. A variety of very curious and interesting Specimens of Egyptian Antiquity will be placed in the Galleries of the same Hall.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XLVIII. was published this day. Contents.---1. Freedom of Commerce.---View of the Doctrine of the Economists; its policy, eventual advantages and evils; impediments to the extension of British Commerce in foreign countries; moral and political effects of the Navigation Laws. 2. Melmoth, the Wanderer, by the Rev. Mr. Maturin. 3. Asiatic Discoveries.---Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia, from the earliest Periods to the present Time. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. 4. Accum, on Culinary Poisons. 5. Modern Novels. 6. Aristarchus Anti-Blumbeldianus, by E. H. Barker. 7. Rise and Progress of Gardening. 8. Manners of the Athenians.---Fenelon, Abrege de la Vie des plus illustres Philosophes de l'Antiquite. Banquets of Plutarch, Aristophanes, Plato, and Xenophon. 9. Huntington, S. S. His Works and Life. 10. Anastasius, or the Memoirs of a Greek. 11. Petrarque et Laure, par Mad. de Genlis.---the Love, Writings, and Character of Petrarch. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

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